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which that he had verified his statements on this head by references to the documents which prove them to be true. On the whole, the work is one evincing considerable research and information; but it is sometimes too intemperate towards Lord Mountcashel, and too adulatory towards the bishop. It clearly establishes that which we had thought was pretty generally allowed, that the improvement of the Irish Church Establishment in general, has kept pace with the very marked improvement in the selection of bishops, since the union; and that a gradual reformation is even now in course of steady and progressive operation, through the natural and legitimate channel of the constituted ecclesiastical authorities.

Irish Priests and English Landlords. By the Author of "Hyacinth O'Gara."—Dublin, R. M. Tims, 1830.

WE remember to have read "Hyacinth O'Gara" with considerable pleasure; there was an adherence to truth and nature in it which is rarely to be met with in books of that stamp. The idea was an odd one, it seemed borrowed from the history of Castle Rack-rent, one of the most powerful of Miss Edgeworth's national sketches, perhaps indeed the most profound of all. For the generations of squires in Castle Rack-rent, we had a succession of parsons in Hyacinth O'Gara, and the character of old Thady the chronicler is varied accordingly.

The present little work possesses the same excellencies as the former in the occasional touches of Irish national character and modes of expression; but there is, as might almost be expected, from the usual character of these politico-religious stories, a good deal of prejudice and consequent misrepresentation. We hold it to be directly unfair and reprehensible to make use of fiction as a vehicle for vilifying any class of men whatever. If Irish priests do evil, let their misdeeds be proved and punished either by the law of opinion, or by the law of the land. Let facts have due publicity, "and whip the rascals naked through the world," no matter who or what the said rascals happen to be; but let no man invent stories to hold up the members of any particular order, merely as such, to scorn or abhorrence. To us at least this seems a strange, though not unusual, departure from the plain dictates of high principle and honorable feeling. We do not mean to bring so heavy a charge against every one who has thought and acted differently in this respect; we know that many have done so with the most conscientious views, but we trust that on reflection, they will think with us, and employ their talents for the future in a manner more perfectly consistent with that pure love of all our fellow-creatures, which Catholic christianity so indispensably requires and enjoins, as the second great commandment in the law.

Studies in Natural History; exhibiting a popular view of the most striking and interesting objects of the Material World.—By W. Rhind.—Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London, 1830. 12mo.

THIS is a very pleasing book on a very pleasing subject. It is exceedingly agreeable to turn from the dull round of ordinary cares and vexations to the freshness of mighty nature. Mr. Rhind is a congenial spirit whom one can fol-

low with interest and advantage through the flowery fields of natural science, without the mind being wearied, or curiosity being dulled by too minute and tedious an investigation of any one of the multifarious subjects, which nature presents for consideration.

Outlines of Irish History, written for the use of young persons. 1 vol. 18mo. London, Harris.

THERE have now no fewer than three books of this class, on Irish history, recently issued from the press. We are very glad to see so much attention directed to a subject of such paramount importance as the history of our country, and the present little work, though a very slight compilation, is rendered interesting, as the production of an English lady of rank, and intended for the use of her own children. The brevity of the outline may be conjectured when it is stated, that one small volume is made to extend from the origin of the Irish people to Emmett's insurrection in 1803. The political bias which pervades the work is that usually denominated liberal.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

AT present we can only give a cursory glance to this important subject. We naturally cast our eyes first on France; there the bias seems to be chiefly scientific, F. Cuvier and G. St. Hilaire (*Histoire naturelle des mammifères*) De Candolle (*Système naturel du règne végétal*) and Malte Brun (*Géographie*) are each employed, in his respective department. Politics seems to engross the minds of the French people, so that even their poets write on political subjects. Passing by the gay and sometimes licentious Béranger, the victim of royal and aristocratical wrath, we find the twin poets, Méry and Barthélemy, like him injudiciously brought before the public, by a political prosecution, and now starting afresh with their "Waterloo," a poem directed against Mons. Bourmont, one of the ministry.—The inexhaustible source opened to *Memoirs* by the republican and imperial governments, still continues to send forth new works, among which the memoirs of *Bourrienne* claim an important station, on account of the opportunity which the author possessed of observing the character and actions of Napoleon. Even the different corps engaged in the French army, during their eventful struggle, are beginning to find historians, and we have now the history of the Polish legions in the French service, by *Leonard Chodzko*.

In Germany, Caroline Pichler has written a new romance on the subject of the re-taking of Buda, (*Wiederersbergerung Ofens*) while by her contributions, with those of other literary characters, among whom *Tieck* holds a distinguished rank, the German annuals maintain their ancient fame, though very much inferior in point of illustrations, to those of England. The venerable patriarch of German literature, *Goethe*, has seen his eightieth anniversary celebrated by his enthusiastic countrymen, and under his auspices have just appeared, *Letters* addressed to him by *Schiller*, during the years 1806 and 7, in which are some interesting particulars respecting the latter's *Wallenstein*. The zeal for ancient literature, for which the Germans were first distinguished by the remainder of Europe, is maintained at present

by *Niebuhr* in his publication of the *Byzantine Classics*; and their attachment to the philosophy of *Kant* is evinced by several new publications on the subject.

Italy has many learned men in her universities, especially at Padua, but there has not lately appeared any thing of consequence from them. She may be proud of *Manzoni*, who certainly approaches very near the author of *Waverley*, and who has rendered the Literature of his country a service, by introducing a new species of it, almost unknown there heretofore; but he has not escaped the rude hand of criticism among his own countrymen. Where the sway of Austria prevails, the voice of literature is almost or altogether silenced.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Foreign Review, No. IX.—London, Black, Young and Young.

ALTHOUGH many of our readers must be aware of the fact, it may be necessary to mention, for the information of some of them, that there have been for some time past, two Quarterly Reviews published in London, which are devoted solely to foreign literature. They, however, frequently avail themselves of the opportunities to discuss subjects of domestic interest afforded by foreign books, which bear a relation to our affairs, or by the review of translations of our own books, which are published on the continent. Of these two Reviews, the *Foreign Quarterly* professes Whig principles in politics, and is written with much care, and in a style which generally aims more at elegance than strength. The *Foreign Review*, the last number of which we are about more particularly to notice, espouses Ultra Tory principles in its political articles, and it is generally written with much spirit and vigor. The last number is perhaps the best in every respect, which has appeared of this Review, abounding with information and amusement, conveyed in a tone of lively force, which seizes upon the attention, and makes an impression upon the mind that is not likely soon to be effaced. The sturdy healthy tone of the articles of this Journal is better suited, we should think, to meet the public taste, than the more elaborated style of its rival, although both Reviews are deserving of much praise. The *Foreign Quarterly* is more heard of in the newspapers, probably from some peculiar sources of private influence, or from more adroit management in this particular; but the *Foreign Review*, notwithstanding a little exuberance of energy in which it sometimes indulges, will amply repay those, who chuse to judge rather by reading for themselves, than by trusting to what may be inferred respecting it, from more frequently hearing of its rival.

It is not exactly consistent with our plan to review reviewers at any length, nor have we space to do more than point attention to a few of the articles, but we should not do justice to the impression which the first article of the present number has made upon ourselves, did we not mention particularly the Review of the life and writings of *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*. Although the article can give no more than a glimpse of the life and writings of this extraordinary man, yet it affords a sufficient view of the glorious struggle of a bold independent and manly mind, against the bitterest circumstances of severe poverty, to prove

useful and inspiring lesson to every true hearted aspirant after knowledge, who shall read it. In these days, there is nothing more useful to the public mind, nothing we might say so necessary, as the encouragement of a spirit like that of Jean Paul Richter, which treating with all the scorn that they deserve, the shewy advantages, and sensual gratifications, which wealth affords; proceeds in its bright career, stern yet cheerful, bold and independent towards man; pious, and humble, towards God.

The article "*On the Study of the Civil Law in England*" is powerfully written, and brings a great deal of learning to bear upon the subject—there is some personal controversy connected with party politics introduced, which might, with more propriety, have been spared in an article of this kind; but it was perhaps thought useful as the salt to savour a subject, rather tasteless in itself perhaps, yet one which is altogether worthy of studious investigation.

The paper on Animal Magnetism, gives to the English public a quantity of information respecting the progress and present state of this audacious quackery, on the continent, which we could not read without much astonishment. It gives a view at once curious, humiliating, and in some respects disgusting, of what insuendence on the one hand, and gross delusion on the other, may bring to pass. The French are rather worse than ourselves, in the ready encouragement which they give to anything, that has a smack of sensuality in it.

"*Dumont's Translation of Jeremy Bentham's Work on Judicature*," affords occasion for a closely and originally written paper. The same book has been reviewed in the Foreign Quarterly by Sir James Mackintosh, and because a man with a great name has written the article, it has been much talked about, while the paper in the Foreign Review has, in this country, received comparatively little attention. We protest against this absurd fashion of estimating literary worth, by the great name attached to it. Sir James, though he be Sir James, may write not a whit better, and probably will write with more prejudice, than men of less note. It is unworthy of any man of common sense to judge of any literary production, except by examination of the work itself, and it is the bane of modern literature that men whose names are up, are actually forced on by the temptations of publishers, to write about what they have not time to write well, in order that advantage may be taken of the present fashion of their name.

The article on "*Police*" has received more public discussion than any other paper in the present number of the Foreign Review. It is full of knowledge, and bounding with a fresh and vigorous spirit, but for our parts, we think it flies rather beyond the practical question of a good Metropolitan Police.

There is something too romantic in supposing an alarming constitutional danger, from an establishment of Police confined to the metropolis, every member of which is amenable to all the same laws that can be applied to any other subject of the realm. There is, however, this good in the public discussions to which this establishment has given rise—those who govern will be taught that they dare not attempt any really serious establishment for the invasion of the liberty of the subject, without having such a peal of public indignation rung in their ears, as like the noise of the trumpets of the priests of Jericho, would cause the walls of the citadel of their power, to fall down.

The Edinburgh Review. No. XCIX.

THIS is the first number of the Edinburgh, that has come from the hands of the new Editor, Mr. Macvey Napier. There is nothing very remarkable about it, and on the whole it is but a poor number. Our Edinburgh correspondent informs us that there is no article from the pen of the present Editor. There are two from the late Editor, Mr. Jeffrey, and two by Mr. Brougham.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. No. CLXI. for January, 1830.

THIS is not one of Blackwood's happiest efforts, though on the whole rather a good number. The first article, "*On the Education of the People*," from which we expected much, is in many places scarcely intelligible, and one feels strongly inclined to apply to it the good old rule *si vis non intelligi debes negligi*.

The *Wishing-Gate* is pleasant reading, though somewhat long; the paper which follows, on the condition of the lower orders, is in our opinion the best of the political articles; it is a lucid and able exposition of the distress and embarrassment under which the poor of these countries at present labour, and is written in a calmer and more temperate spirit than is always to be met with in Blackwood. The concluding article, a review of "*The Age*," a poem," is somewhat of the coarsest.

The Christian Examiner. No. LV. for January, 1830. Dublin, Curry and Co.

THIS is the best number of the Christian Examiner we remember. The leading article on the Poor Laws, we conjecture from the style and the initials, is by Mr. Daly of Powerscourt. The miscellaneous communications are diversified and amusing. Paddy's Dream or a Sunday in Ireland, is a humorous sketch. The Review of Dialogues on Prophecy, is an able and temperate exposition of the writer's views on that important subject.

The Dublin Monthly Magazine. A Literary and Theological Miscellany, 8vo.—Dublin, Tyrrell and Tims. January 1830.

WE have taken a hasty peep at this first number of a new Magazine which is only published to-day. It really promises very well. From the character of the Christian Examiner, already so well established in Dublin, we think the conductors would have done more wisely to have adopted a course completely distinct from that already occupied by the other; with the theological department of which they can scarcely hope to compete. The miscellaneous articles, however, seem to be spirited and clever, and we have little doubt of the success of the work, if followed up with the requisite energy and steadiness.

CHRISTMAS CATHEDRAL SERVICE IN DUBLIN AND LONDON.

In Dublin, the regular course on Christmas day, for those profane persons who go to Church

Not for the doctrine, but the music there,

used to be to hie to the College Chapel, after an early breakfast, thence to Christ Church at half-past eleven, and finally to St. Patrick's in the afternoon, at all which places they were certain to be gratified with "most eloquent music." Christ Church has been shut up, because it

was in imminent danger of tumbling down; it is certainly in a most disgraceful plight, and we trust that the Chapter, or whatever body its safety keeping is entrusted to, will look to it, and that speedily, or we shall certainly ring a peal in their ears that will awake them to a sense of their duty. Failing the Cathedral, "one of us" repaired to the Castle Chapel, and was rewarded by hearing the same anthem as at College Chapel, sung and played of course in much inferior style, and then a plain practical sermon, suited to the day, by the Bishop of Ferns, whose son, Dr. Elrington, had just before preached in College. As the day was cloudy and cold, with occasional flakes of snow or sleet, at three I found myself "wrapped in my virtue and a close surtout" picking my steps through Kevin-street, and pondering on the sayings and doings of the worthy and witty Jonathan and his dearly beloved Roger, as I passed the deanery house, and winding my way through the paling of some tottering and pole-propped houses, turned up the illustrious avenue of Mitre Alley, which in one respect resembles the path to a place yet higher than the episcopal bench. Crossing the South Close, and entering the aisle by the door nearest Marsh's library, I soon perceived by the crowds of people hurrying to and fro, and eagerly soliciting the attention of Mr. Maguire or any of his gowned satellites, that the body of the Cathedral was already crowded to an overflow: I made an effort at the entrance under Lady Doneraile's monument, near the communion table; I did get four feet inside the door, at the expense of my temper and my hat, which were both demolished in the crush, but the obliging sexton, perceiving my distress, took compassion on my years and venerable appearance, and shewed me to a seat when I was retreating in despair. I had been told at the Castle Chapel that the Archbishop of Dublin was to preach at Patrick's in the afternoon, which made me the more anxious to secure a place, but when I saw the pulpit removed out of its ordinary place and rocking like a child's cradle at every movement of the crowd, I confess I felt considerably relieved on learning that there was to be no sermon.

Dr. Smith's fine evening service was performed very effectively. There are many striking passages in it, but I think it wants somewhat of the gravity and solemnity of the Cathedral style. It is liable to the same objection that was formerly made to the style of Pergolesi's church music, namely, that it had too much of the dramatic cast. However, there are beauties in it that much more than redeem any of its defects. The music of "*He hath shewed strength*," &c. in the Magnificat, is particularly fine, and both the opening and the close of the Nunc dimittis, deserve the highest praise. The Gloria Patri, though not deficient in effect, appears too light. The Voluntary (performed during the collection for the poor,) was new to me, and not as good as usual.—There was nothing particularly striking either in the subject or the execution.

The anthem was that selected from the Messiah; the same as had been given at the chapels of the college and the castle. Alas for the glories departed! Robinson is a splendid singer, but he is scarcely a "worthy rival of the glorious three," Spray, Weyman, Jager. "*There were Shepherds*" was not sung with the same spirit and effect that I have been accustomed to hear it, though the accompaniments